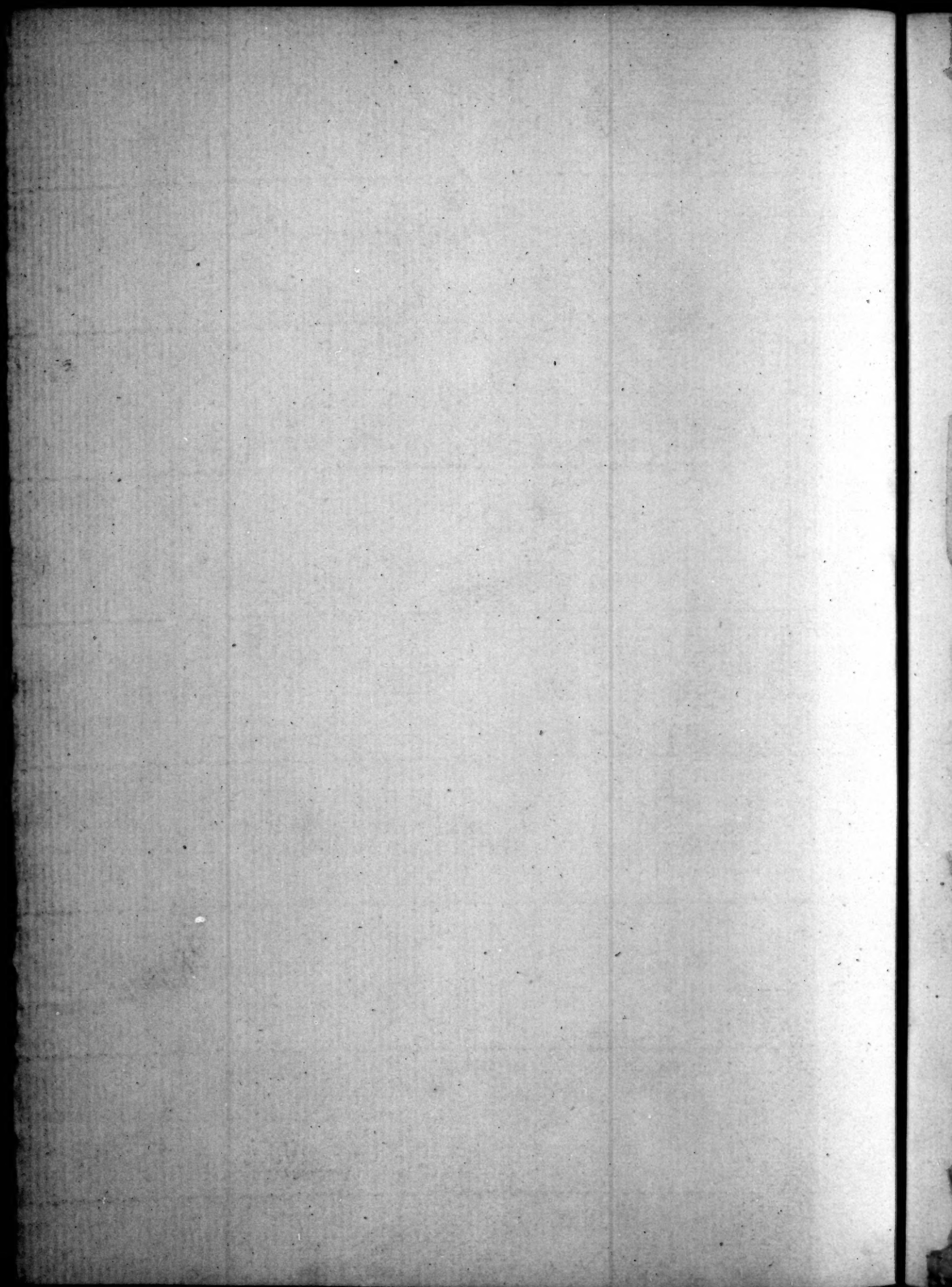


The Romavnte
of a Kmyghte
by
Thomas Chatterton
1788



THE ROMAUNTE OF A KNYGHT

This POEM, was one of the earliest of the Productions
of CHATTERTON, now first printed from his original
MANUSCRIPT.

The Sunne into Vyrgyne was gotten,
The floureys al arounde onspryngede,
The Quenis ermyne arised from bedde:
Syr Cnyght did ymount uppon a stede,
Ne rouncie ne drybdlet he made;
Thanne astate for durcie deede,
With Morglaie hys foemenne to make bleede
Eke, swythen as wind trees, ther hartys to shake,
All downe yn a delle, a merke dernie dell,
Wher coppys eke thighe trees ther be:
Ther did hee perchance ysee
A Damofelle askedd for ayde onn her knee,
A Cnyght uncovrteous did bie her stonde,
Hee hollyd her ffast bie her honde,
Discovrteous Knyght! J praie thee now welle,
Whie doeste thou so to the Damofelle?
The Cnyght hym asfoled eftsoone,
Itt beeth no mattere of thine,
Begon! J wayte nott thie boone.
The Cnyght fed: J prove thee on thie gaberdyne.
Alyche boars enchafed to fyght heie flies,
The discovrteous Cnyght be strynged, but stronger the right,
The dynne be heard amyle, for fuire ys the fight,
Tyl the false Cnyght ffalleth and dies;
Damofelle! qvod the Cnyght, come thou with me,
I wott well, qvod she, I nede thee ne fere,
The Knyght yfallen bad word I schulde be,
Bott loe he ys dedde maie it spede heavenwerel